VOLUME 32 / NO 2

APRIL 1981

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

Since 1949 the purpose of Fellowship in Prayer is to promote the practice of prayer among all religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God regardless of race, creed, and color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes, honesty, justice, and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of fellowship among mankind.

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This bimonthly publication is subsidized by the Ruth Allison Lilly Fund

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EDITORIAL

NEW GROWTH

THE photograph on the cover is the work of **Abraham Menashe,** 30, a portfolio of whose remarkable photographs begins on page 6, which is followed on page 12 by an interview with him. After perusing both of these, I have no doubt of it's being clear why Abraham has been selected to receive the first of Fellowship in Prayer's annual awards in memory of Founder Carl Allison Evans. A second grant has been made to **Femi Sodeke,** 32, a graduate student from Nigeria.

Abraham Menashe and Femi Sodeke are but two of the large number of newcomers from the younger generation who have recently become part of the Fellowship.

To regular readers of this publication the most familiar names among these belong to **Bob Waite,** 31, who came to work as Assistant Editor last April and has written on a variety of subjects from Einstein and Boys Town to Theologian Hans Küng in the Books section at the back of this issue, and to **Tom Dunham,** 38, whose photo-essays have become a feature of almost every issue.

Probably the most colorful of them is the swami-disciple of Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh, the 37-year-old **Shakyamuni,** about whom we wrote a story last summer.

Sandy Brainard, 37, was attracted to the Fellowship by our September special-issue *Report on Holistic Health.* He is a director of a "new life center" and the author of poem-like observations on the life of the spirit, some examples of which we published in December.

The author of the article on John Coltrane, which appears on page 20, is **Bruce Nixon,** 28, feature-writer for *The Trenton Times.* We will be publishing another piece of his about Muhammed Ali.

The poet responsible for most of the poems in this issue is **Scott Norton,** 19, a college student who is a born-again Christian.

The artist who illustrated the article on I Ching beginning on the next page is **Liz Schweber,** who studied at The Boston Museum of Fine Arts and only recently moved to New Jersey.

Ann Woolfolk, who has illustrated several pieces for us, and **Raoul Birnbaum,** who wrote our article on incense as prayer, are also members of the new generation.

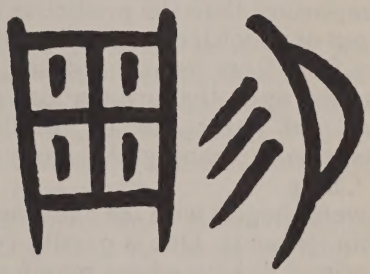
So, of course, is **Joy Reynolds,** Executive Secretary of Fellowship in Prayer.

A major contributor whose work has lately been mostly behind-the-scenes is Contributing Editor **Joy Bergman,** who not only wrote the Lauren Ford article for our December issue, but found the print used on the cover as well as the rare photograph of the artist.

This luxuriant crop of new growth is a sign, I have no doubt, of not just Fellowship in Prayer's current good health but of its prospect for a fine harvest in the future. —P.G.

Drawing by Liz Schweber

THE WAY OF THE SUPERIOR MAN: THE I CHING (BOOK OF CHANGES)



by FRANCIS MERCHANT

TIME changes all things, creating such universal patterns as birth, growth, and death. The present moment is forever receding into the past, yielding place to future. Spring slips into summer, and autumn flows into winter—after which, the cycle is repeated. In connection with the human being, the child becomes the adolescent, then the mature actor on the stage of human affairs, and finally, the old man, rich in years, moving inevitably towards dissociation from existence in form.

Such patterns are manifested on earth, but that which prescribes them is heaven. Effects on the plane of perpetual change have their causitive source on a higher level.

Can a person weave the tapestry of his life in accordance with the patterns set in heaven? The superior man undertakes this task, but the inferior man seeks only to follow the bent of his self-aggrandizing will, and for this very reason he is called inferior.

How to determine the intention of heaven? The superior man undertakes this task, but the inferior man seeks only to follow the bent of his self-aggrandizing will, and for this very reason is he called inferior.

How to determine the intention of heaven, however, is difficult, but *The Book of Changes (I Ching)* seeks to interpret the higher will as it is manifested in this world of unceasing flux.

Background. Some of the basic concepts of *The Book of Changes* were developed before 2000 B.C. by Chinese sages who wished to provide guidance for those who wander perplexedly in this domain of fluctuating mutation. In the twelfth century B.C., King Wen and his son, the Duke of Chou, collated the available material and created the teaching that is now known as I Ching. Confucius found this metaphysical system worthy of prolonged study and wrote commentaries on it.

Although this teaching can be adapted to fortune-telling, it is far more a compendium of wisdom. Like an oracle, it can be consulted, but its emphasis rests on how to pilot one's ship in the treacherous river of everlasting change. The method employed in consulting this oracle involves the selection of yarrow sticks—some straight, others broken—which are arranged in two sets of trigrams (upper and lower) to form a hexagram. The latter figure can then be interpreted in order to derive directional counsel.

More important than the predictive oracular is the metaphysical perspective out of which it emerges. Just as the scientist predicts results because they flow from ascertained law, so the metaphysician gives counsel that rests upon the formulations of spiritual logic.

Foundational Values. In an age that sceptically questions all values, it is especially meaningful to study the metaphysical fundamentals of the I Ching.

The universe begins with the existence of space and the operation of time within its limits. One is passive (yin), the other active (yang). This is the primal duality whose manifestations are governed by the transcendental Tao, the invisible, evolutionary cause or purpose. This is the triune power of heaven.

On the plane of human perception, one observes this threefold expression in the circle we know as earth, the axis on which it rotates, and the creative power that inspires this motion towards inapprehensible ends. These considerations suggest that man can gain rich insights regarding his destiny by a metaphysical study of his surroundings. Answers to his perplexities are written in natural phenomena—the creativity that sustains all living things.

The originator of *I Ching,* we are told, "looked upward and contemplated the images in the heavens," and then "looked downward and contemplated the patterns on Earth." Attempting to harmonize the two, he produced a metaphysical philosophy that revolved about the noble role man could play in making earth conform to the images and patterns of heaven.

The sun bestows life-nourishing light; the earth receives it. One is creative, the other, receptive. Giving and receiving establish a meaning-

ful pattern of action and response. In human affairs, the masculine principle bestows and, speaking generally, the feminine principle accepts—and by this reciprocal action the human race is sustained. Yang and yin, therefore, are foundational concepts in the *I Ching*. They operate in accordance with Tao, the Universal Reason beyond man's fathoming.

The Inferior Man. "A yellow primrose by the river's brim," wrote Wordsworth, "a yellow primrose was to him, and it was nothing more." Here we have a categorization of the inferior man to whom the stars are but the accidental candles of space, mountains, giant obstructions, and diamonds, but commercially valuable stones. He contemplates life through a crack in the door, seeing all things in the light of his self-interest.

"The inferior man is not ashamed of unkindness and does not shrink from injustice. If no advantage beckons, he makes no effort. If he is not intimidated, he does not improve himself." Such a man reasons to himself that "goodness in small things has no value and so neglects it," and that "small sins do no harm and so does not give them up."

Although he knows how to demand, the inferior man does not know how to give. He insists on rights, but acknowledges no duties. He always wants more, but never renounces anything; and searches for profits rather than wisdom. He blames others when he should blame himself. His own thoughts he minimizes; those of others, he magnifies. In short, "he brings increase to no one."

Curiously enough, modern civilization seems to produce an overabundance of such inferior men. Hope for the future may well depend on a drastic change of perspective that would be more in accord with the idealism of the *I Ching*.

The Superior Man. A man is not superior by virtue of his position, wealth, property, cleverness, intellectuality, popularity, or verbal dexterity. His achievement lies rather in his ability to manifest on earth the qualitative ideals of heaven.

Modern institutions of learning emphasize the importance of gathering knowledge and training the mind, but *I Ching* seeks to create enlightened human beings. The qualities of such persons need more precise definition. According to the *I Ching,* the superior man is characterized by humaness, or benevolence, by furthering the just interests of humanity. Such persons are roses in the garden of humanity. And yet, no one, whatever his condition, is debarred from developing such attainments of the spirit.

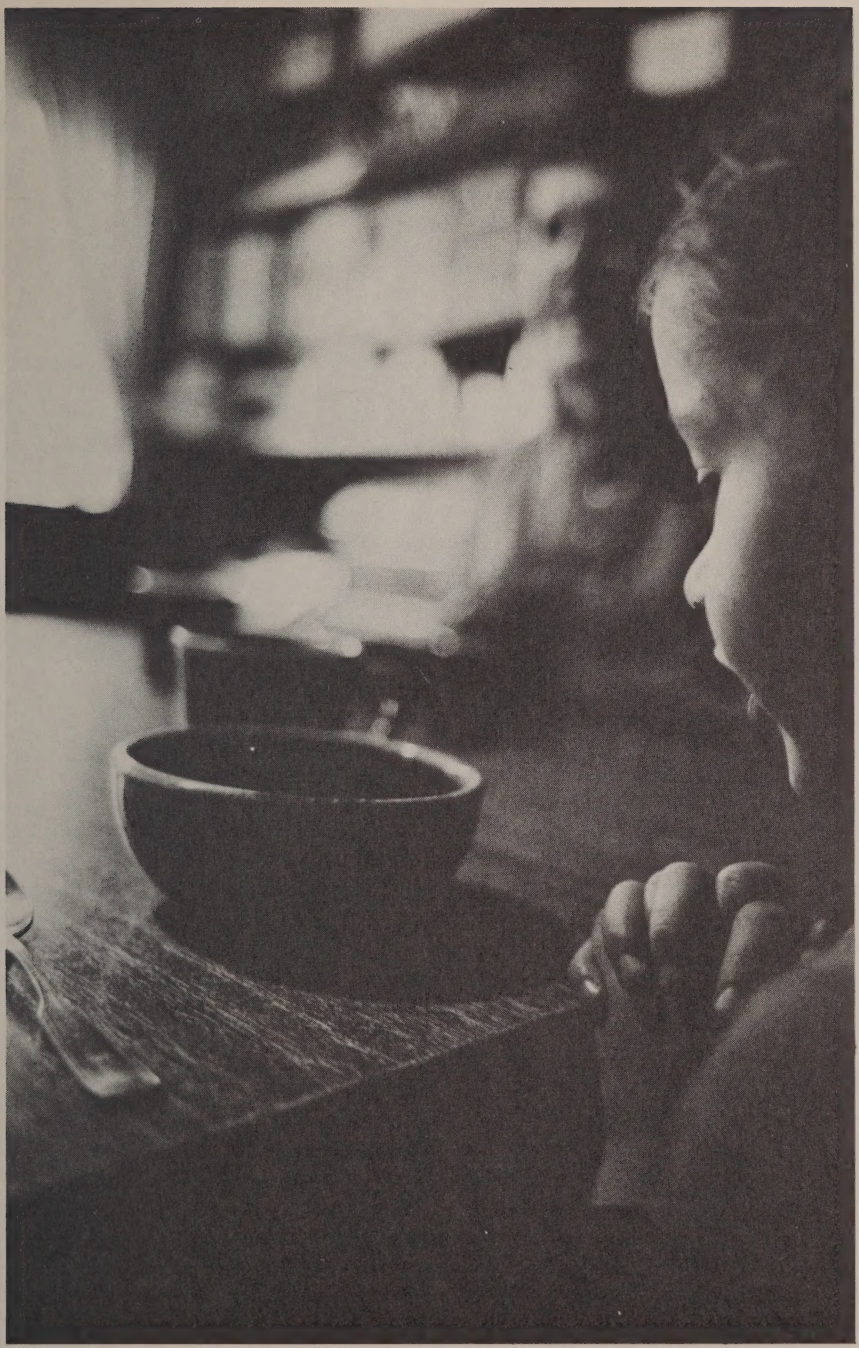
Not only is the superior man modest, but he is "modest about his modesty. Self-examination is a significant technique that the superior man employs. He studies his actions, decisions, and thoughts to determine wherein he has exceeded the golden mean. His aim is to be

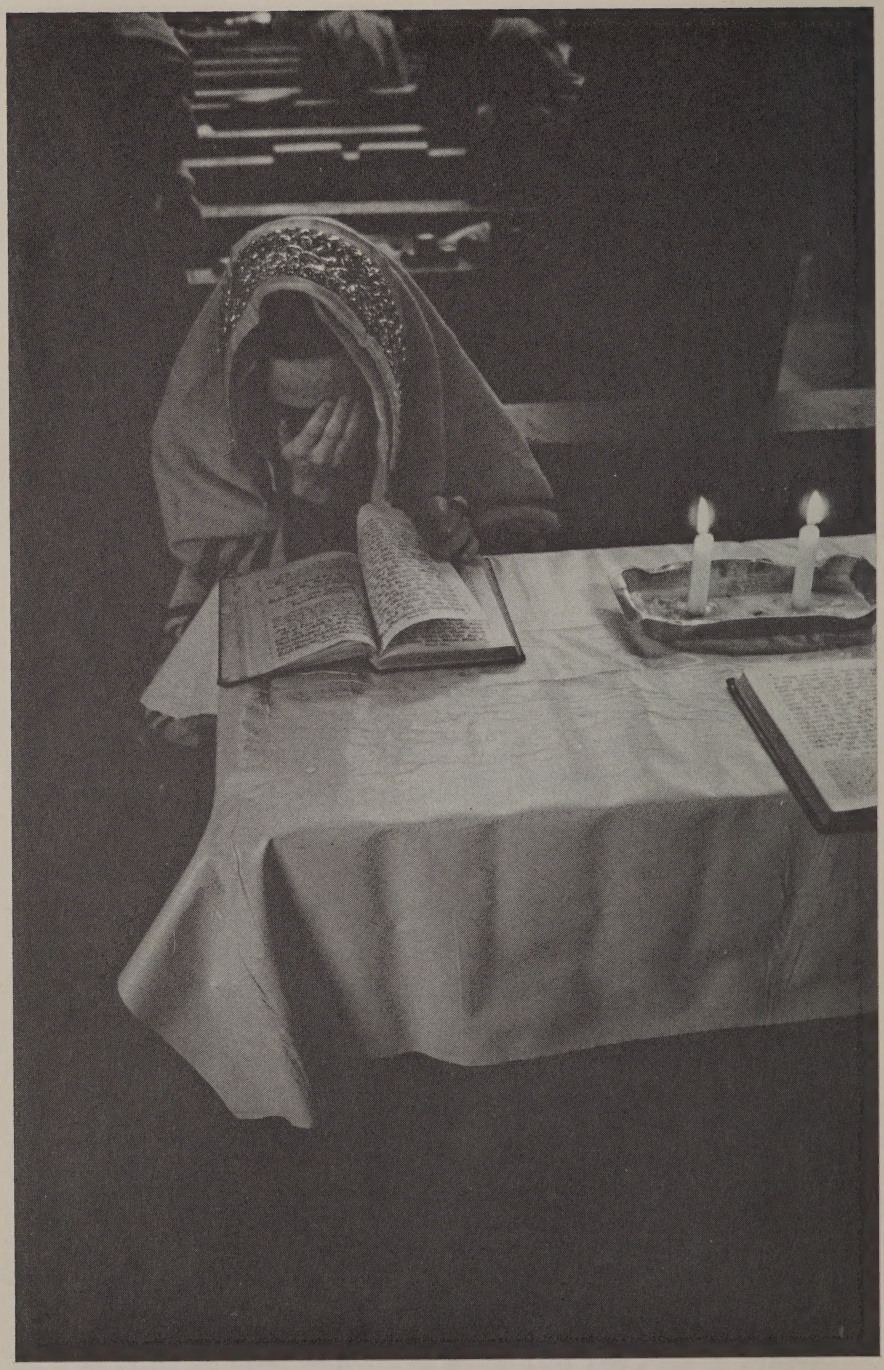
(continued on page 38)

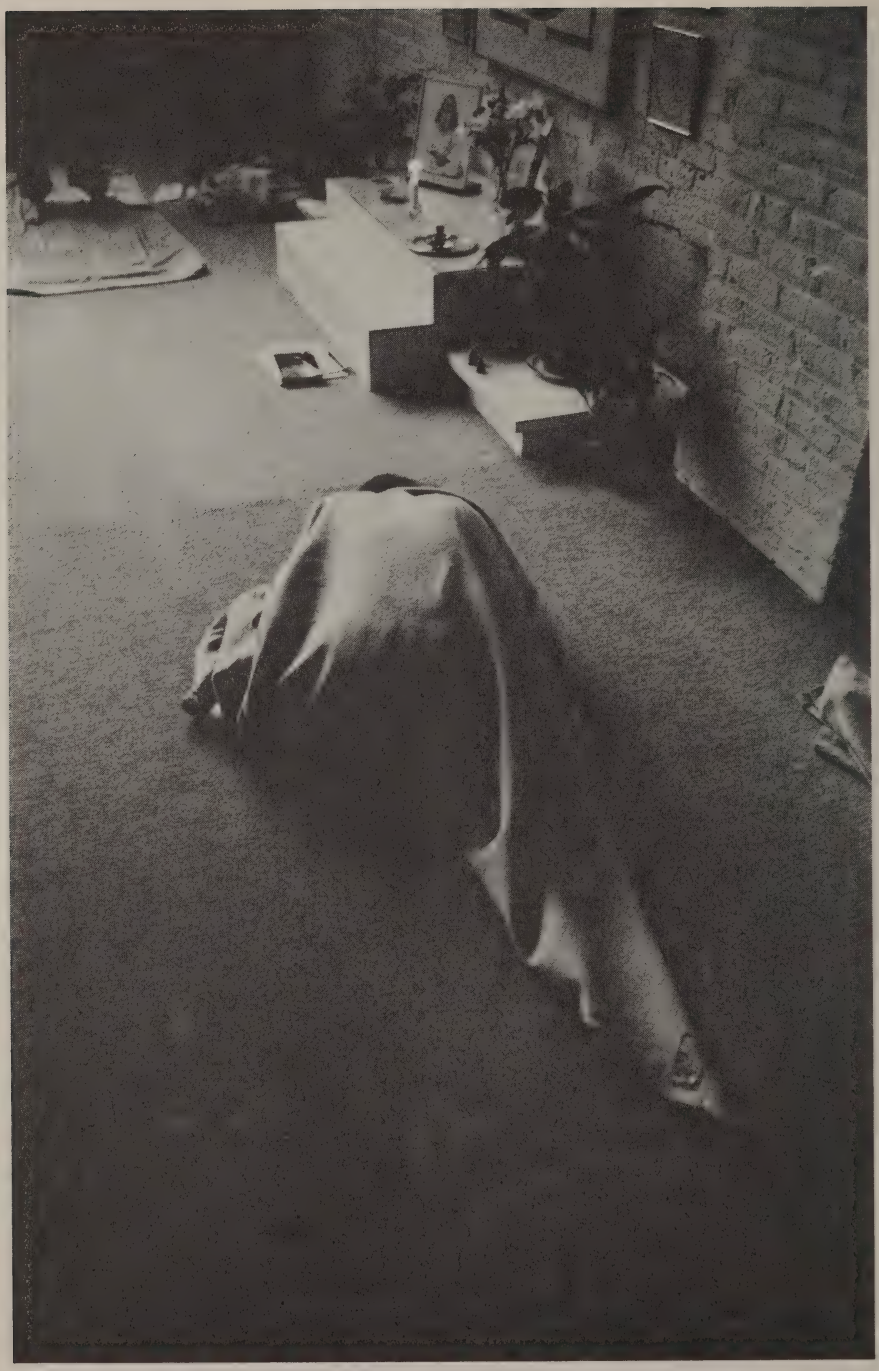
Winner of the Carl Allison Evans Award

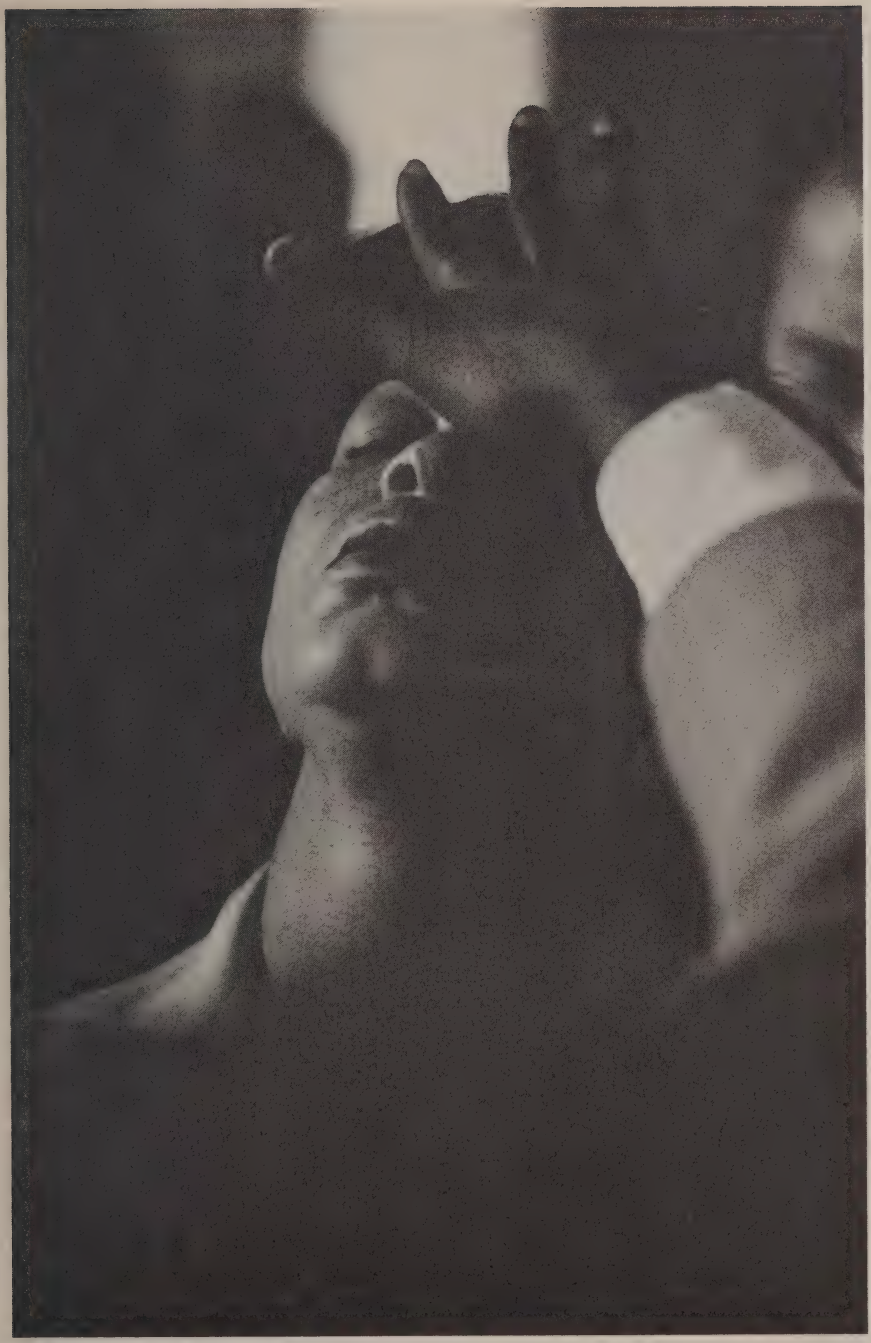
The Photographs of **ABRAHAM MENASHE**

ON the cover of this issue as well as on the following five pages are photographs by Abraham Menashe, the 30-year-old New Yorker whose work has been awarded Fellowship in Prayer's first Annual Award in memory of its founder Carl Allison Evans. Born in Egypt, Abraham Menashe is self-taught and is committed to photography that inspires, uplifts, and offers a healing vision. "To me," as he has said, "photographs form a prayer." We first saw his work in his book *Inner Grace,* a photo-narrative of multihandicapped institutionalized individuals, which was published by Alfred A. Knopf. The photographs we are using in this issue were all taken by Abraham Menashe for the book he is working on now, which is to be entitled *The Face of Prayer.*









An Interview With
ABRAHAM MENASHE

by TOM DUNHAM

FIP: What do you want to accomplish with your photography?

A.M.: My message is a very private one. I want to share with people the idea that we have available to us a very wonderful well than can heal us. And that there is a source, often referred to as God, that has an infinite amount of love for each of us.

I'm very interested in hinting at God in my pictures. The notion of God is so hard to discuss directly. We can see His many faces through the deeds people do. Through the love people share. Through the beauty in the world. I've come to the point where I've committed myself to the exploration of that love through my pictures.

FIP: Is this a difficult task?

A.M.: A few years ago it would have been very difficult for me to talk about God. But it's much easier now because I've been getting so many wonderful signals. Signs that tell me that this is the very best path for me to take. And the more I work at it, the more I find that this is what I should be doing. I believe I must continue exploring the themes that draw us closer to the source. Themes that express the tender side and the strength of man.

FIP: Do you know while you are photographing a subject that you are capturing a significant idea or image? Are you "moved" first before you shoot?

A.M.: Yes, that's usually the case. The very best pictures I've taken have come from those times when my heart was going the hardest. When I was entering into the perimeter of someone else's sacred circle. During those moments when they are most private and alone.

FIP: Do you ever have any reservations about entering that private space?

A.M.: Once, I was in St. Patrick's Church and I saw a woman praying. Tears were in her eyes, and all along I was thinking about God, and what I had to do. I photographed her and she wasn't aware of my presence. Then I went to the back of the church and sat down with my diary and wrote, "Forgive me, Lord, for trespassing. I've come not to take, but to share."

Perhaps that answers your question. I went into her circle to share something of her. For me to take that picture properly I must feel the same space around her—the same sacredness about the space. When I took that picture I felt we were sharing something, although she wasn't aware of me being there. It was as if I had held my hands on her shoulders and exchanged our energies.

FIP: Did you feel that way while you were photographing *Inner Grace?*

A.M.: Oh yes! Very much so. *Inner Grace* was the door to my commitment. It was through that project that I discovered I *had* to be

committed. My search for those elusive, sacred moments began there. Taking those pictures, I felt I was tasting something I had been longing to taste for a long time. I realized that all those years I had been taking pictures randomly in the streets had been leading up to this experience.

FIP: Looking back, do you think there was something in those street pictures that manifested itself, later, during *Inner Grace?*

A.M.: Right. Exactly. And that's the magic of photography. It can act like a mirror. It can show us what we are.

As I edited my pictures, I kept some and discarded others. Why was it that I was choosing certain photographs over others? After doing more work, I began to see the relationships among the various pictures I liked. I was able to understand what I was unconsciously responding to. It was the theme of grace.

FIP: What do you mean by "grace"?

A.M.: My definition in the book is an edited one, but I believe it can serve. I said that grace was "elegance or beauty of form, manner, motion or act. . . the influence or spirit of God operating in man to regenerate or strengthen him. It is a state that exists in the joy of being as well as the effort of trying.

My experience of grace, of witnessing grace, happened at the same time I found myself yielding to my commitment as a photographer. And the more I yielded, the more I learned of the beauty of grace—and what it had to say to me.

FIP: Were you brought up with any religious training?

A.M.: No, I was not raised in any traditional religion. As an adult my outlook has been humanistic and spiritual, not defined by any specific dogma. The spirit has been a very important ingredient in my life and in my pictures. Seeking this spirit has allowed me to stay in touch with what I call "the source"—the giver of life.

FIP: Was it this seeking that led you to the various institutions for handicapped children?

A.M.: Yes. *Inner Grace* was a way of narrowing down the concept to a manageable level. The idea of grace is too big, too varied. It would take a hundred years to deal with it entirely.

FIP: Do you feel your photography succeeds? Does it translate your experiences as fully as you would like?

A.M.: Yes, it does. Every medium has its own limitations. The image is

primal to us. It was our first language. I would like to bring it back to that point.

One of my hopes is to create a series of projects in the form of books—photo-essays—that speak through the image, and not through the word.

FIP: Something akin to the *Family of Man* series?

A.M.: Yes, like that. Themes that are dominated by the spirit of the moment. What I want to do is narrative photography. That is, the connection of images that deal with the same subjects as the best of photojournalism—only without any text. I feel the image, itself, can transcend words, and become something much deeper—a more direct experience.

FIP: Do you think in this age of quick images that a picture book—without words—can be fully, deeply experienced?

A.M.: I think it can be. My pictures are not descriptive efforts. They are my attempts to share a spirit, a moment. They are, in a way, like holding hands with each other and finding out that we are all in a large circle.

I want to bring the image back to it s primary purpose. To the place it held before we learned to speak. When it had a relationship to the supernatural.

Primitive pictures were not made by people who wanted to create art. They were done by people who were overwhelmed by something they had seen in nature. Those early pictures described the awesomeness of life, and were done to appeal to forces greater than themselves.

FIP: Do you want to engage your viewers in that primitive, primary way?

A.M.: In my work I'm interested in the public's interreaction with the picture. What is important is what they take from each photogrpah.

I want to confront, and I want viewers to confront, the delicacy of life. I want them to see how precious it is. To see how much we have, and how much we are given. I want to show that the Great Spirit really penetrates all corners. That there's very little difference among us. That we are all children of God.

FIP: It appears that the notion of "commonality" is evident in *Inner Grace"* and these latest prayer pictures.

A.M.: That's right. There is something that transcends the symbols of ritual. Something that has to do with reverence to life and to God. Something that draws us all together, regardless of what we are doing.

FIP: Do you have any future projects in mind?

A.M.: Oh yes. I plan to follow my work on prayer with work about healing, and then, celebration.

I am drawn to the idea of healing. To those moments when people are transformed by love. The setting needn't always be religious. Hospitals, homes, police stations, are all sources and locations where healing can be found. Comfort, human warmth often abide in these places. There are so many people who daily devote their lives to helping, healing others. During those times when help is given there are moments when failure is transcended. There is rejuvenation, and hope and love are shared.

My plan to work on the theme of celebration is the least defined, so far. It will have to do with the spirit in man that is connected to life's glory. To the dance of life. To the sheer celebration of life. Sometimes this celebration takes place entirely within our hearts. Other times it manifests itself in visible joy and activity.

FIP: Do you ever work on more than one project at a time?

A.M.: Never. And that's an interesting question. I tried once. I found myself in a situation where there was healing and prayer going on together and it was very hard for me to photograph both. I lost concentration, and couldn't pursue my primary objective. When I work at something, that theme, that one word, becomes my mantra. I think about it constantly. And I discovered that this singlemindedness can actually turn into a growth process, enabling me to see and accomplish more than I had set out to do.

•

STARLINGS by SCOTT NORTON

Across the dun field
of cornstalk stubble
bristling with cold and dull light,
the black birds twinkle bright
and listen.
His footsteps on their frozen sky
are abrupt as rifle shots
—they flock up
like a flung-back meteor shower.
Then his gun sings an encore
muffled through the wing shuffle
to watch the black stars fall again
for practice.

by ELLIS R. MORRISON

PRAYING THE

IT was a dreary Friday afternoon when Sam Lindsey stopped by to see me. Sam was a Vietnam veteran who had come to talk about his prayer life. He had begun to pray while in Vietnam just to keep his mental balance. Gradually his prayers had focused upon the masses of deprived and frightened people he saw there. But when Saigon fell, his prayer life fell also.

"It just seemed that God did not care about these people," he said. "How can I pray to a God who does not care?"

Sam—like dozens of other spiritual pilgrims I've met—had reached a deadend in his spiritual growth. As we talked, it was soon apparent that his problem was unforgiveness. He had erected barriers against those he would not forgive, including God.

Other men have had problems of unforgiveness with business partners, wives, mothers, or fathers. They responded to inner hurts by building shells of unforgiveness and retreating inside them to lick their wounds and resent the ones who hurt them.

Most people relate to others until a hurt or several hurts minimize or destroy the relationship, then move on. Their lives becomes a broken series of events which fragment and paralyze until—and unless—a spiritual note is struck. When such a note is heard, it marks the necessity of learning to forgive. It is God alone who is able to give man the means to relate to others and bring wholeness.

Unforgiveness drains away our inner life and leaves only the shell of the person who was meant to be. Refusing to forgive someone makes us a slave of that person, one who will consequently dominate our thinking every day. Recently I advised a divorcee to quit praying for her former husband. He was the constant center of her thinking and was actually controlling her life by her prayers. Her good intentions were affecting her.

PRAYER OF RELEASE

Often the failure to release another through forgiveness does immeasurable damage to us without affecting the unforgiven one at all. In her advice to the "lovetorn," Ann Landers described what focusing bitterness on someone else will do. "The hate you feel for your mother," she told 'Hating Back,' "is not hurting her, but it's doing a tremendous amount of damage to you. Hate is self-destructive. It can ruin your looks, poison your life, destroy relationships."

Achieving revenge is the work of very small people. Booker T. Washington wisely wrote: "I will not let any man reduce my soul to the level of hatred."

Jesus' words from the cross were: "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." This was a prayer of release. It was necessary that even the Son of God release the individuals involved in His death. Every individual—Jew, Greek, Roman, slave, free, etc.—was included. Jesus would not judge men for even their direct sin against Him, but chose rather to release them to the freedom which is theirs by forgiveness.

Many of us desire to mature spiritually but find great difficulty in removing the barrier of unforgiveness. This gives us great agitation. What is our hope? Our only hope is to forgive and let the flow of God's love rinse away the harsh taste which robs us of our spiritual vitality.

The flow of God's love is possible if you learn to pray a simple prayer of release. Remember the model prayer which Christ used as an example to His disciples? It begins with "Our Father" and contains release for all whom we bind in the phrase "Forgive us . . . as we forgive others." Everybody you ever captured by means of your unforgiveness can be freed. The simple words "I forgive you" can become the emancipation proclamation which shatters bonds that have hindered you for years. You can utter words and become both the liberator and the liberated.

About John Coltrane, his saxophone, and his jazz. . .

"My Faith, My Knowledge, My Being"

by BRUCE NIXON

Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, and Miles Davis, the leading musicians of the 1940's, shaped modern jazz. Even more influential, though, were those who came after: Thelonius Monk, Ornette Coleman, and John Coltrane. Perhaps Coltrane most of all.

Coltrane—a tenor saxophonist—recorded voluminously. Every time he picked up his horn, someone was there with a microphone. Musicians are still studying his work, still sifting through the process of his musical evolution.

Coltrane blew with a big, hard-edged sound. He made musicians more aware of the tonal possibilities of the saxophone: expanded the harmonic vocabulary with his lifelong exploration of chord-structure. He was among the first whose playing "swung" by implied rhythm. Maybe most importantly he created a role for musicians as spiritual explorers and leaders who might document their discoveries through art.

"My goal is to live the truly religious life and express it in my music," he said. "If you live it, when you play it there's no problem, because the music is part of the whole thing. To be a musician is really something. It goes very, very deep. My music is a spiritual expression of what I am—my faith, my knowledge, my being."

"Overall," he said, "I think the main thing a musician would like to do is to give a picture to the listener of the many wonderful things he knows and senses in the universe. That's what music is to me—just another way of saying this is a big, beautiful universe we live in, that it's been given to us, and here's an example of how magnificent and encompassing it is."

John Coltrane was born in rural North Carolina. He began studying the clarinet there while still quite young. When World War II began, he had just finished high school and decided to move to Philadelphia. By that time he had taken up the alto sax.

Jazz was not a lucrative business for an unknown horn player, and Coltrane worked in popular local rhythm and blues bands. He hooked up with Dizzy Gillespie in 1949 and, as an alto player in the trumpeter's reed section, did his first recording.

In the early fifties he went on the road with Earl Bostic and later Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson—two rhythm and blues stars of the day. He did short stints as well with the Heath Brothers and with altoist Johnny Hodges, a refugee from the Duke Ellington band.

The turning point in Coltrane's career came in 1955, when he joined the Miles Davis band. His style was already recognizable: rhythmically he blew across the bar-lines like Lester Young; but he also resembled Dexter Gordon in his deep, dark, full-bodied, rough-textured tone and legato phrasing. Like Charlie Parker, he was blowing a lot of notes but was jumping across broader intervals than most.

"Some people say your music sounds angry, or tortured, or spiritual, or overpowering, or something. You get all kinds of things, you know," Coltrane said. "Some say they feel elated. You never know where it's going to go. All a musician can do is get closer to the sources of nature and feel he's in communion with the natural laws. Then he can feel he is interpreting them to the best of his ability and try to convey that to others."

Physically, Coltrane was a large man. People who knew him remember him as a quiet, humble person who seemed to exude an unusual quietude and calm. He read widely—everything from math textbooks to Eastern philosophy. He was also a non-drinking vegetarian who occasionally fasted.

"John Coltrane would play for hours a set," recalled Art Davis, a bassist who sometimes worked with the band. "One tune would be like an hour or two hours. He wouldn't repeat himself and he wouldn't be boring. People would be shouting, like in church. John was after the spiritual thing, and he had that."

In the notes to his famous 1964 album, *A Love Supreme,* John Coltrane wrote: "During the year 1957, I experienced, by the grace of God, a spiritual awakening which was to lead me to a richer, fuller, more productive life. At the time, in gratitude, I humbly asked to be given the means and privilege to make others happy through music. I feel this has been granted through His grace. All praise to God."

Perhaps this isn't surprising. Coltrane had been raised in the house of Walter Blair, an uncle who was a fundamentalist minister. The Muslim movement was entrenched in the Philadelphia music community by the time he arrived there, and he became close friends with the orthodox Muslim tenorman Yusef Lateef in the Heath band. His first wife Naima was a Muslim. Moreover, he had been a user of both alcohol and heroin, so there had been a great deal to feed his deep spiritual hunger.

During the early sixties he experimented, struggling to transform his ideas into sounds. He recorded *Meditations,* a suite consisting of five parts—"The Father and The Son and The Holy Ghost," "Compassion," "Love," "Consequences," and "Serenity." He reached for sweeter, more evocative melodies. His solos became hypnotic, like lengthy chants. Tenor saxophonists said, "It's not about notes any more. It's about feelings."

God, Please Make It Rain

by CHARLOTTE CARPENTER

And all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive

A FEW years ago, on a day in August, our two small granddaughters were visiting us. We were in the middle of a long dry spell here on the farm. It was a horrible day, hot and with a strong wind that seemed hot itself, as is sometimes the case in the Midwest.

I was swinging the children in a tire swing which they loved. I wasn't feeling too well that afternoon, so after a few turns each, I said, "Oh, let's go inside, this weather is not fit to be out in, the grass is burning up and I just don't see why it can't rain!"

I must have sounded desperate because four-year-old Debbie asked, "Why doesn't it rain, Grandma?

"Oh," I said, "I guess maybe because we don't ask God enough for it."

Sitting in the lawn chair while her sister enjoyed one last turn, Debbie turned her eyes to the sky and said, "God, please make it rain so the grass will get green again."

Nothing more was said, and we went into the house, and the children spent the night. That night it rained. It was still raining when they awoke.

I took them to the window to see it, and Debbie said, "Grandma, it did rain!"

"Yes," I said, "see what happens when Debbie prays."

If you ever saw the smile of faith, it was on her face. Children truly are the heritage of the Lord.

Prayers in 3-D

by MARGUERITE E. FITCH

SINCE the earliest time of intelligent beings on our planet, man has striven to communicate with deity. The most accepted term of that transmittal is "prayer."

There are various types of prayers. I have placed them in three dimensions: *dominance, devotion,* and *dedication.*

Prayers of dominance are demands—telling God what to do, or how important one thinks he is. Such prayers portray fear, selfishness, arrogance, impatience, and unhappiness. Usually, they are expressed by unhappy, selfish, bitter, or insecure persons.

A fisherman, caught in a sudden squall at sea, prayed as the waves swamped his boat, "Oh, Lord, I haven't troubled you for fifteen years, and if you'll get me out of this fix I'll never trouble you again." A prayer of fear.

St. Luke records the story of two men who went up into the temple to pray: one a Pharisee and the other a publican. The Pharisee stood and prayed, "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are; extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess." A prayer of arrogance.

"Oh, Lord, bless me and my wife; my son John and his wife; we four, no more, Amen." A prayer of selfishness.

Recently I served on jury duty. In general conversation at lunchtime, it turned to "getting out of tight squeezes." One man recounted his experience of being in a 1920 Ford car on a lonely road far from town. Suddenly it stopped running. After many unsuccessful tries he sat there, not knowing what to do. He said he was not accustomed to praying, but in desperation he went around to the back of the car, kneeled and prayed for help. Returning to the front of the car he immediately found the trouble and was able to start it. When I inquired if he offered a prayer of thanks, he replied, "I suppose I did."

My second dimension is *devotion:* prayers of humility, thankfulness, praise, and appreciation.

The remainder of St. Luke's story concerns the publican, who, standing afar off, would not even lift his eyes to heaven, but beat upon his breast and said, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." A prayer of humility.

A prayer that I learned as a small child has remained in my memory, even though I do not recall the author:

"Teach me, Father, when I pray
Not to ask for more,
But, rather let me give thanks
For what is at my door."

A prayer of appreciation.

The often-quoted prayer of St. Francis of Assisi—if truly lived—could end wars and bring universal peace:

"Lord, make us instruments of Thy peace.
Where there is hatred, let us sow love;
Where there is injury, pardon;
Where there is discord, union;
Where there is doubt, faith;
Where there is despair, hope;
Where there is sadness, joy.
O, Divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek
to be consoled as to console;
to be understood as to understand;
to be loved as to love;
for it is in giving that we receive;
pardoning that we are pardoned and
it is in dying that we are born to eternal life."

My third dimension is *dedication:* commitment to things of value; accepting what cannot be changed; becoming the best we can be, and to always look for good.

My personal premise is that "God takes care if you tell people." Prayers are answered through people who could never help if they were not made aware of the needs of others.

Several years ago a California newspaper carried the story of a woman whose husband was tragically killed, leaving her with three small children. When people heard of her plight she received help from friends, church groups, and strangers. Because she had been helped, when she prayed she came to realize that she had a job to do for others. She began this task by taking into her own home women with children who were in a similar plight to hers. Through cooperation with friends, churches and other agencies, her small effort grew to large proportions, until she eventually was able to house forty persons. In 1969 she was named "Mother of the Year" in her community.

In A.D. 180, Marcus Aurelius said, "Our life is what our thoughts make it." God answers prayer through people.

Christ said, "And when ye pray, go into thy closet and pray to thy Father which heareth in secret; for he shall reward thee openly." We can often find the means of answering our own prayers if our minds are open to search the avenues for the answers. Meditation between ourselves and whatever deity we claim, can give us insight and perspective.

Our prayers reveal what we really are.

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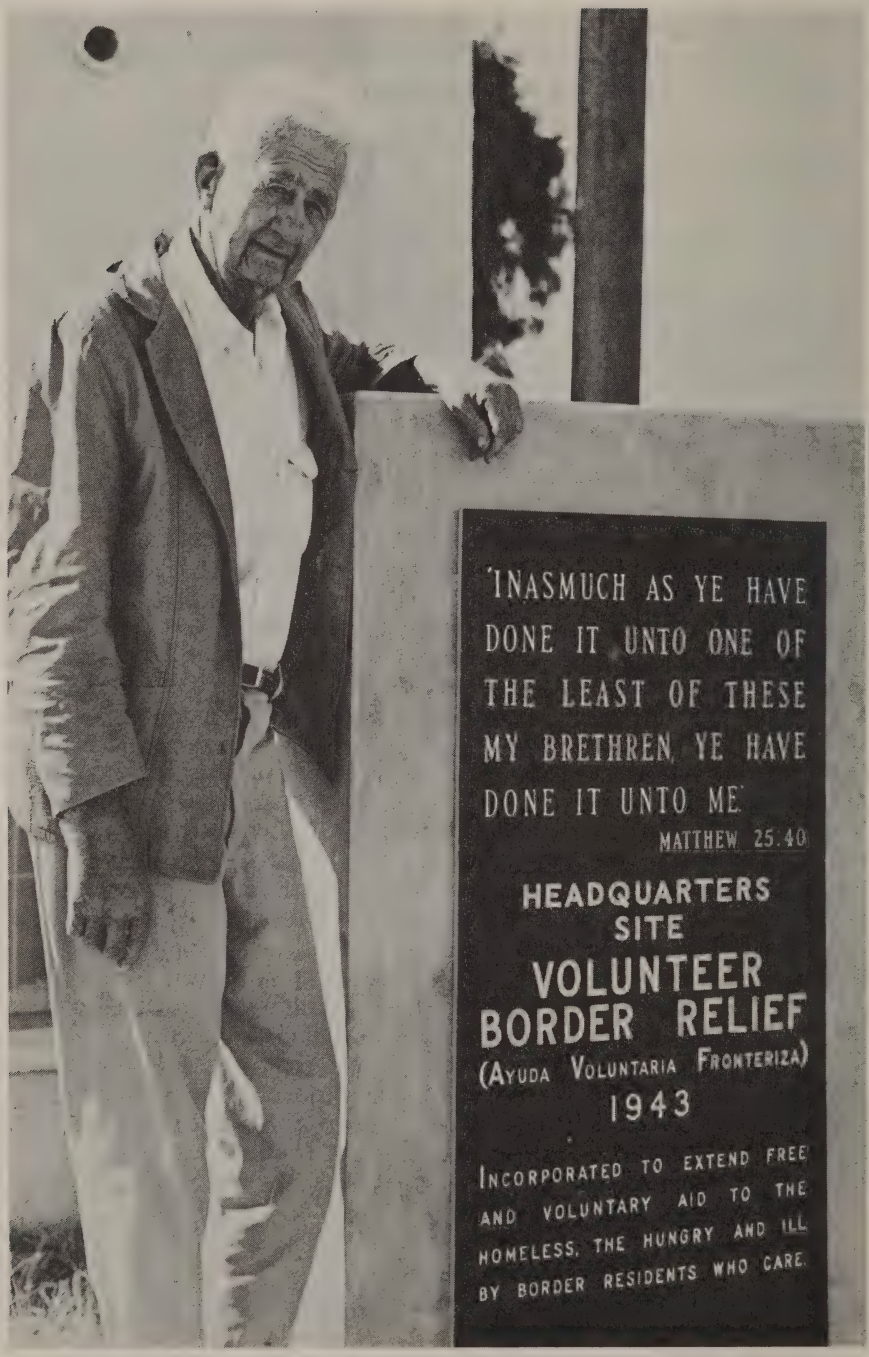
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SITE
VOLUNTEER
BORDER RELIEF
(AYUDA VOLUNTARIA FRONTERIZA)
1943
INCORPORATED TO EXTEND FREE
AND VOLUNTARY AID TO THE
HOMELESS, THE HUNGRY AND ILL
BY BORDER RESIDENTS WHO CARE.

God's Scrounger

by HENRY N. FERGUSON

". . . he moves with the slow unhurried dignity of a man at peace with his soul. . ."

FRANK FERREE is a gaunt figure of a man with a shock of white hair, whose spare frame brings to mind the scarecrow image of Ichabod Crane. Nevertheless, operating from the humble shack he calls home, in Harlingen, Texas, he is a scrounger without peer. He is also one of the most beloved men along both sides of the Rio Grande River, which separates the United States and Mexico. His story is unique in today's world of greed and self-centered individualism.

Frank's saga really begins on a chilly, bleak November morning in 1918. An American doughboy, he was shivering in a muddy front-line trench in the Argonne Forest, waiting for the order to go over the top. As he stood there be began to pray: "Lord, if You will protect me, I will devote the rest of my life to the service of others." A few moments later word came down the line: "Armistice!"

Frank returned to his Nebraska home, later went to Texas' Rio Grande Valley—and encountered the "wetbacks." By the thousands they were crossing the river illegally from Mexico, seeking food and work. Mostly they got harsh words and ill treatment. One night there was a hesitant tapping on Ferree's window. Outside stood a pregnant young Latin woman and her frightened husband. Hungry, broke, and scared, they stared at Frank with eyes pleading for help. He fed them, delivered the baby, and cared for the couple in his home until he could find work for the husband.

Ferree didn't realize it then, but he had just made the first move toward fulfilling his covenant with the Lord. "Watching the sufferings of these neglected and helpless people, I figured that society had allowed pockets of itself to fall too low, and something ought to be done about it," he said. So he went to work.

Stuffing a knapsack with food and medicines he began walking through the poorest sections on both sides of the river, ministering to the needs of those in want.

Six feet, six inches tall and 84 years old, Frank Ferree is a study in serenity. His speech is soft and he moves with the slow, unhurried dignity of a man at peace with his soul.

The afternoon I visited him for the first time he was barefoot, and dressed in well-worn but immaculately clean shirt and trousers.

He met me with a warm handshake and ushered me into his modest dwelling. Bundles of newspapers were swept from a couple of folding chairs on the porch and we sat down to talk. On the wall I

noticed a letter of commendation from Sen. George McGovern. In the next room amid the shambles I could see a cot where Frank sleeps. In the corner was a homemade stove fashioned from an oil drum. In every direction were piles of clothing, tins of food, boxes of medicine samples and a hodgepodge of other items that might be useful to someone. This was the home of the man often referred to as "The Angel of the Border." And angel he has been for more than four decades.

A deeply religious man, Ferree explains his task: "I don't try to be a big deal or anything like that. I just try to apply the teachings of Jesus. It's that simple. The Lord lined up this work for me to do."

He attempts to proselyte no one. All he wants to do is help feed people when they are hungry, clothe them in their nakedness, bring medicines when they are sick, and get help from skilled surgeons when their bodies are broken or crippled.

For a long time Ferree's way of life offended his fellow citizens. Many considered him a harmless old bum who, hopefully, would someday go away. Finally, they began to recognize his organizing abilities and his dedication to helping the poor. "It took many years but we finally realized he was our most distinguished citizen," a local businessman admits. "We'd had a true holy man among us all this time without realizing it."

Today, Ferree still sleeps on a bare mattress and lives on a tiny subsistence consisting of a $90-a-month pension for a war wound—and gives most of it for the poor. He has generated hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of food, clothing, and medicines for those in need. There has never been a scrounger to surpass Frank.

Each month, he begs and receives tons of bread, candy, fruits, vegetables, medical supplies, blankets and clothing from local businessmen and from several large grocery and drug firms. Last Christmas he delivered two tons of candy to needy children; it had been donated by the wife of a food chain president. Recently the Pfizer, Inc., pharmaceutical firm sent him $10,000 worth of medicines for distribution. And Xerox Corporation gave him a check for $1,000 to aid his work.

Any street bum on the chilliest night has a place to bed down in Ferree's house. One cold night last winter Frank was found sitting in the cab of his van, sound asleep. A couple of hours earlier he had given his last blanket to a Mexican woman who'd had a baby that night. It was warmer in the van than in his house.

Frank's day begins before dawn. The elderly man climbs into his ancient vehicle, lettered with "Volunteer Border Relief" on one side and *"Ayuda Voluntaria Fronteriza"* on the other, and goes in search of anything that may have spilled from the Valley's horn of plenty. At the back door of a baking company he collects doughnuts, leftover rolls, cakes, pastries and bread, all several days old. Packing plants provide surplus carrots, broken cucumbers, cabbage, green beans or whatever is available. Behind a store he rescues some discarded shipping crates.

They will fuel the stove in the onetime house of prostitution that serves as his across-the-border clinic in Reynosa.

Two days each week he collects supplies; two more days he delivers to the cities of Reynosa and Matamoros in Mexico, a nation without relief agencies. In each he has set up a distribution center to dispense food and clothing and administer innoculations if none of the volunteer Mexican doctors is available.

Frank doesn't stop with just ministering to the poor. On the fifth day of his week, Friday, he returns to Mexico. This time he loads his van with children who are hopelessly crippled and takes them to a Shrine-supported clinic in Brownsville, where doctors volunteer their time for treatment. Youngsters beyond ordinary help are taken to Shrine hospitals in Houston, Galveston, and Shreveport for corrective surgery—all free.

And he doesn't forget those being held prisoner in Mexican jails. As often as possible he visits these prisons, bringing a word of cheer and all the goodies he has been able to scrounge.

Frank's work is never done. One Christmas Eve he learned that a little girl in Reynosa had been horribly burned. Suffering excruciating pain, she was near death. Frank went to see her; it was obvious she needed immediate medical help. He knew it might take two days to secure the necessary papers for crossing her into the United States for treatment. There wasn't this much time, but Frank knew what to do about it.

Telling the mother to get the child ready to travel, he knelt in prayer, asking for God's help.

A miracle happened! The ofttimes unsympathetic officers on the bridge and at the checkpoints didn't stop them. Instead, they waved the car around waiting vehicles up ahead. The little girl arrived at the hospital in time. She had 23 transfusions and is in excellent health today.

Frank's efforts on behalf of his fellowman have not gone unnoticed. He has received acclaim from high places. Last year he received a Special Certificate of Appreciation from the State of Texas for his human relations work. That same month President Carter sent his best wishes for his "efforts to bring about good relations between Mexican and United States citizens." And influential people are now suggesting that he be nominated for a Nobel peace award.

In front of Ferree's run-down shack, the citizens of Harlingen in 1974 erected a monument to Frank and his relief organization. It bears this inscription: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

This biblical phrase sums up Frank Ferree's life.

"Let every Guest be received as if he were Christ."

ALWAYS A GARDEN

by THOMAS JOHN CARLISLE

Where love
is crucified —
and love
is crucified
more often
than not —
there always is
a garden.
Always a garden.

From the soil
which blood
and pain
have nourished
there will grow —
more swiftly
than our heartbreak
and excruciation
can feel
or recognize —
the lilies
of Easter.

In that garden
our doubts and questions
and the pain-filled past
are insignificant
and immaterial
because we come across
the Lord of Life
and Love.

Dogs are gifts of love

SHAGGY

by LEON GERSTEN

SHE left us—scrawny, sickly—unlike the way she had entered our lives, when she had leaped into our hearts, with the eagerness of a newborn pup licking its way into a family. Then she had been full of life. Now she is a memory.

With the experience of such borrowed joy, I am convinced dogs are for loving, and loving is the best therapy for renewing faith in the possibilities of the human heart. To love an animal unreservedly, as we did Shaggy, is the pathway to loving people and accepting them for what they are.

Some people say, "But it was only a dog. Why carry on so?" Such reactions only make me believe these people have missed a connection, one that is intimate, genuine, and instructive of the ways to care for another life. For dogs are needful of the very same love we are.

Nine years of walking, feeding, bathing, and nursing add up to a totality. And that totality is an investment. From the investment comes the dividend of snuggling close for warmth and companionship, of touching for security.

This West Highland terrier that dashed through our lives seemed to have a God-given purpose: to increase our joy and appreciation and to heighten our awareness of how temporary all life is. Sweet, gentle, mild-mannered, Shaggy swelled us with pride. She was another dimension, a vital addition to the fullness of our family.

And then sickness invaded her body and slowed her down. We watched helplessly as she declined and faded before us. It was pitiful to see this bundle of white joy slowly depart from the health she had once enjoyed. We tried our utmost to stem the invader, ministering as we could. But the enemy emerged victorious, and our dear dog was taken from us.

The sorrow was great, immeasurable, no less than the loss of a dear member of the family. Our gift was gone, and we had to deal with our diminishment.

Last Frost

by SCOTT NORTON

Hush: the meadow's
bent grasses and bruised brambles
are still and
frosted with cold's last breath
utterlessly silent.
Soon the mourning dove's
soft coo comes from a
downy tear of flesh perched on
a black tree barely scrawled
on a lightening sky.
Sigh. The graying sky
hides sunrise but the gray bird
warms peach underneath
dawn on the breast and
melts frost into dew.
Stir: the pale wash
of remnant autumnal hues
unpowdered of faint ice trace
begins to bleed internally
the easter green.

BOOKS

Does God Exist?

HANS KÜNG, the controversial theologian from the University of Tubingen, asks, "Does God Exist?" His answer is "yes." His answer is "yes" in spite of sincere thought to the contrary. ". . . As human beings in the twentieth century, we certainly can believe in God, even in the Christian God . . . For, after so many crises, it is surprising how much has been clarified and how many difficulties in regard to belief in God have been cleared up—even though some people are not aware of the fact."

Does God Exist? An Answer For Today (*Doubleday, $17.50)* translated by Edward Quinn, makes the reader "aware." It begins with René Descartes and the dawn of modern philosophy, and shows how atheism, then nihilism develop and how the Roman Church with its rearguard defensiveness clung to cosmological notions incompatible with the worldview of modern science.

The new attitude of Descartes brought about the new faith in mathematics, and a belief that the clarity and certainty of mathematics could be applied to all areas of life. By methodically doubting everything, Descartes "proves" his own existence, reasoning that in doubting a doubter can be postulated and thus his famous "I think, therefore, I am." At least I exist as a thinking being. God is established after the proof of self using the ontological argument of St. Anselm, which argues we couldn't as finite beings have come up with the idea of the infinite on our own and therefore God gave it to us in the form of an innate idea. God couldn't have deceived us because it contradicts the notion of perfection implicit in the idea of God.

From the existence of the *cogito,* Descartes establishes the existence of God and the material world. There is a separation between mind and matter, and faith and science are both justified through conceptual certainty. The Church, still a medieval institution, doesn't accept Descartes' conclusions, nor does it accept the new sciences of Galileo and Copernicus. But what of us? Küng asks about Descartes, "Would not someone actually radically doubting be bound to doubt precisely this certainty? Would he not therefore have to begin at a much deeper level and ask not only the truth of our rational thinking but about the rationality of reason as a whole? . . . Not only about the reality of God

and the world but about one's own existence as experienced in doubting and thinking? Can modern man in particular still reach certainty in the Cartesian, intellectual way?)

What Descartes does is leave modern man with a "shattered unity" ". . . the starting point for philosophical rationalism and idealism on . . . —the starting point for philosophical rationalism and idealism on the one hand and philosophical empiricism, materialism and positivism on the other." We can also "see the formation of the mental attitude of the pure technician, who has no love for nature but wants to control it with the aid of his reason."

The Cartesian attitude is challenged by his contemporary, the mathematician, inventor and philosopher, Blaise Pascal. Pascal takes doubt to the existential level. Reason itself rests on belief and the heart supplies the reasons for belief. Man is more than the *cogito* and in doubt he is "an inconspicuous mark in the broad, incomprehensible cavity of the universe. What is man in face of this infinity? Compared to the universe, man is nothing."

From this comes the famous wager of Pascal which equates belief rather than thought as the basis of our existence. From the standpoint of a shrewd gambler Pascal makes the existence of God analogous to the tossing of a coin. There are two possibilities: God is or he is not. "Reason cannot decide this question. . .. How will you wager? Reason cannot make you choose either, reason cannot prove either wrong."

Pascal clearly puts faith above reason to the point that later in his life, he discredits reason and mathematics from which he derived his fame. Küng asks, "Did not God himself—as Descartes thought, give man reason, the power to think, to study? Must we really reject science in order to devote ourselves to the service of God? Must a person cease to be a 'philosopher and scholar' in order truly to believe in God, to be a Christian?" Pascal's decision based on his wager became a choice for dogmatism.

In the light of Descartes and Pascal, Küng traces the origins of modern atheism and the kind of questions that surround the greatest dispute in modern thought. Küng demonstrates how the positivist critiques of religion were also constricting on the positive sciences and that the brightest rationalists from Kant to Popper saw that reason itself was justified in terms of a reasonable trust.

The question of God can't be explained away as a pseudo-question as some of schools of modern thought assert nor can atheism be an inauthentic stand as some of the theologians assert. The question of God's existence is a real question, and atheism is a real response.

The atheisms that persist find their core in the thought of Feuerback, Freud, and Marx and the secular humanism of the positivists. Feuerback takes Hegel's philosophy and drops the concept of an abso-

lute as unnecessary and gives the notion of God an anthropological explanation. "Man sets up his human nature outside of himself, he sees it as something existing outside himself and separated from himself; he projects it, then, as an autonomous figure—so to speak—in heaven, calls it God and worships it." In other words, behind the facade, God is really man, so why not really worship man? Marx takes this a step further and shows God to be the "opium of the people." God is necessary only for man oppressed in his class position, and He is necessary for the ruling classes to justify their domination. In a socialist society God will be unnecessary because the misery out of which He is created will vanish. Freud and the psychoanalytical school protray God as a wishful projection, the atonement for Oedipal guilt and sometimes as a characteristic of obsessive-compulsive behavior.

Nietzsche goes a step further and postulates the basic meaninglessness of existence and builds a nihilism that reduces all to will and power. At this point Pascal's wager is taken but not for faith, but rather for no-faith.

Can God be an outmoded projection of humanity's infancy or in the light of modern atheism, in spite of nihilism, and with reason—can modern man still speak of God? And can he speak particularly of the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and Jesus Christ? The author says "yes" to all these questions. If we say "yes" to "uncertain reality" as the rationalist must, atheism is harder because we have no reason to trust the reality we say "yes" to, and nihilism is just as reasonable as rationalism. "Atheism cannot suggest *any condition for the possibility of uncertain reality.* For this reason it lacks not perhaps all rationality but certainly a radical rationality, which lack, of course, it often disguises by a rationalistic but essentially irrational trust in human reason." The atheist can supply no answers. The believer can give his trust and in the act of trusting become justified. Then the diversities and contradictions make sense. Reality takes the initiative, and we must reply. Choice is involved but not irrational choice.

But God is not the God of abstract thought, he is the historical God of Israel, the God of deliverance, the God of the oppressed. The God that Küng says "yes" to is the God of love and of the sinners, who permits suffering and suffers Himself. He is not God on a throne in the distance, indifferent to the fate of His creation. He is "God the finisher." Professor Küng ends his book, "Does God exist? Despite all upheavals and doubts, even for man today, the only appropriate answer must be that with which believers of all generations from ancient times have again and again professed their faith. It begins with faith—*Te Deum, laudamus,* "You, God, we praise"—and ends in trust. . . 'In you, Lord, I have hoped, I shall never be put to shame.' " —B.W.

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Schoenberg Remembered, Diaries and Recollections 1938-1976, by Dika Newlin *(Pendragon Press).* The day-by-day record of an American child-prodigy's apprenticeship in Los Angeles to the powerfully influential Austrian composer whose twelve-tone works from *Pierrot Lunaire* and *Erwartung* to the opera *Moses and Aaron* (soon to be staged by the Metropolitan Opera in New York) have with remarkable slowness but inevitability become standard parts of the repertoire of western music. Miss Newlin's diaries have evidently been printed exactly as they were set down—from the point of view of a specially talented brilliant child of fourteen (and onwards). What they preserved for posterity is a personality excruciatingly typical of contemporary culture: an egomaniac entirely at odds with the universe who by the extreme force of his will (which he oddly denies) made more changes in it than most beings do. Miss Newlin is precocious at putting down the devastating effects such a personality has on those around him—the dislike and rebelliousness inevitably engendered by his cruel mistreatment, the fondness for him that seemed to come with acquiescence to him, the excitement that was to be derived from close connection with such worldwide fame, the quarrels which could not be kept from breaking out once a personality as strong as Miss Newlin's acquired the self-confidence to look for independence from him. Fascinating, funny, depressing, and sad, it is a portrait of modern man's ego simultaneously at its worst and most productive.

Another man of will who made lasting changes in the universe of music was Verdi, who appears to have been an embattled egotist too but without the sadism and awful cost to himself and those around him: he survived, back of silence and reserve, as a being of basically good rather than ill will. The difference is not only of personality, but, I would guess, that of time and place, his fight being with the tradition established by his greatest predecessor, Mozart, Schoenberg's like that of many of the seminal artists of the twentieth-century, to throw out the old and reinvent the new by his own desperate efforts. Verdi's charismatic personality is visible in Gabriele Baldini's **The Story of Giuseppe Verdi** *(Cambridge University Press, $9.95)* which, while not a biography, gets deeply into his nature via his work. It is one of those wonderfully stimulating books—like Rosen's *The Classical Style* of some years back—which possesses the erudition to prove a novel thesis. In this case, that the canon of great Verdi operas is not the ordinary operagoer's round of *Rigoletto, Traviata, Aida,* and *Otello,* but rather *Nabucco, Ernani, Macbeth, Luisa Miller, Trovatore,* and, greatest of all according to Baldini, *Un Ballo en Maschera.* -P.G.

The general impression is that Jesus and the Pharisees were at odds. **Revolution in Judea: Jesus and the Jewish Resistance** by Hyam Maccoby *(Taplinger Publishing Co., $9.95),* explores this relationship and shows that, beneath the surface, there is a link between the Christian savior and the rabbis who were his contemporaries. —S.M.S.

LETTERS

Dear Sir:

In an age of scientific knowhow there seems to be a scepticism toward miracles. A miracle in the Biblical sense is a sign of God's presence. Very often in our mad rush we fail to recognize or even notice the miracles that touch our daily lives.

Have we forgotten the amazement of the beauty of the first spring flowers and their distinctive smell?

Have we forgotten the wonder and joy at the birth of a baby?

Have we forgotten the smile and the pat on the back that seemed to turn our day around?

Have we forgotten those moments of inspiration that seemed to make not only our day but someone else's?

Have we forgotten the snowflakes that danced to the melody of the winter wind?

Have we forgotten the goodness of other people experienced through their kind words and deeds?

We often get lost in the crowd and forget to look up past the telephone lines and TV antennas and notice the blue sky telling us it's going to be a glorious day. We often neglect to look beyond the sameness and see the gleam in a person's eye or to reach out and touch or be touched by someone. We expect miracles to be of an unusual nature. Little have we realized that the miraculous is to be found in the ordinary.

—Sister Roberta Ann Leskey, CSB
(Philadelphia, Pa.)

Fellowship in Prayer
20 Nassau Street, Suite 250 East
Princeton, New Jersey 08540

Date _____

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THE WAY OF THE SUPERIOR MAN

(continued from page 5)

blameless, that is, in harmony with wisdom. Upon discovering a deviation, he discovers remorse—a sense that he could do better—and takes corrective action.

A sense of prudent wariness characterizes the attitude of the superior man. He knows that there are swirling waters about the ship of fortune. As Confucius remarks, he "does not forget danger in his security, nor ruin when he is well established, nor confusion when his affairs are in order." In every project undertaken, he questions himself, "What if it should fail?" Considering always the possibility of disturbing contretemps, he ponders alternatives. As the I Ching says, he ties good fortune "to a cluster of mulberry shorts" because many sprouts develop when a mulberry bush is cut down.

The qualities of a superior man constitute a creative essence that radiates from him and affects other invisibly, yet significantly. "Words go forth from one's person and exert their influence on men. . . . Through words and deeds the superior man moves heaven and earth."

The Way of the Holy Sages. The practices of the superior man lead eventually to a higher level of striving, that is, to the Way of Holy Sages. Not much is said of this path, no doubt because it requires attainments beyond ordinary capabilities. It should be mentioned, however, to show that progress is unending and that the dimensions of achievement expand as the dedicated wayfarer travels on. The superior man, struggling valiantly amid the fluctuating tides of change, becomes a sage, who polarizes himself in the world of causes, namely, the eternity that stains the dome of time.

Elderly persons retire from the marketplace. The sage retreats the kaleidoscopic world of things to that of essences. From the domain of the ever-changing he withdraws to the realm of Tao, the unchanging. He glimpses the unity out of which all diversity arises.

Images and Judgments. Eight natural images form the basis for the *I Ching:* (1) Heaven, (2) Earth, (3) Mountain, (4) Lake, (5) Thunder, (6) Wind, (7) Water, and (8) Fire. Each image, or trigram, is represented by three lines, some straight and some broken. When the trigrams are broken in pairs, they produce sixty-four hexagrams.

Heaven is associated with the creative; earth, with the receptive; mountain, with keeping still; lake, with the joyous; thunder, with the arousing; wind, with the gentle; fire, with the clinging; and water, with the abysmal.

"Thunder brings about movement; wind, dispersion; rain, moisture; the sun, warmth; keeping still, standstill; the joyous, pleasure; the creative, rulership; the receptive, shelter."

Forces are at work, however, that surely and inevitably produce

the resurrection called spring—and then the cycle repeats itself. Civilizations pass through comparable stages. The life of every man may be summed up according to the analogy of the changing seasons.

What mighty power brings all this to pass? The *I Ching* refers to it as Tao.

The predictive power of the *I Ching* may seem less strange when we consider the significance of the seeds. Every gardener can foretell that an acorn will mature as an oak, and that a crocus bud will develop into a lovely flower before inclement winter yields to milder spring. The psychologist, studying the seeds of desire and purpose in human conduct, can predict how certain persons will respond to shifting circumstances. A scientist can tell us beforehand what will happen when an acid and a base interact. The sage, studying the seeds of Tao, discerns the shape of the future as it is fashioned on the loom of time.

The *I Ching* refers to a mythical creature called the magic turtle. It lives on air and thus reduces its needs to a minimum. Human beings are said by *The Book of Changes* to lose their magic turtle when they increase their wants far beyond their necessities. The superior man carefully avoids this practice. In other words, he earnestly endeavors to preserve his magic turtle.

Methods of Government. The art of ruling a country has exercised the minds of statesmen in all ages. Mystics have been inclined to ignore this major problem of humanity and to focus on more abstract themes. The *I Ching* has a more inclusive view of the matter.

Government is a study in relationships. The ruler seeks to provide conditions that will lead to the well-being and betterment of all his subjects. However, government comprises more than devising legislation for a country. Each human being is given the task of governing himself and developing creative relationships with the members of his family and with his associates. Although the administration of the universe is the task of heaven, it provides a model for all human beings to ponder.

The ruler of the state, if he is to govern wisely, must not only rectify his own values, but act humanely for the benefit of all his subjects. He must recognize those who are superior and offer them opportunity. With great discernment he must understand when a creative venture may be undertaken and when it should be postponed. When the light darkens, he must remain firm in his spiritual convictions, and when it brightens, he must point the way to noble enterprises. He unites people by moral force, not by intimidation and repression.

Fellowship. The possibility of a better future both for the individual and for society as a whole rests on fellowship, or brotherhood, that arises from higher aspirations. As long as each man is egotistically centered in himself, a creative relationship is problematical and uncertain. When two persons follow the light of a higher vision, however, the fellowship possible is markedly different.

MEDITATION

Good Stuff

How faith, or believing in the light, worketh out the salvation: It causeth a fear and trembling to seize upon the sinner. The Lord God Almighty, by the rising of His light in the heart, causeth the power of His darkness to shake. . . and then the plant of the Lord springs up out of the dry and barren ground. . . .

In this fear and trembling the work of true repentance and conversion is begun and carried on. There is a turning of the soul from the darkness to the light, from the dark power to the light power; from the spirit of deceit to the spirit of truth; from all false appearances and imaginations about holiness to that which the eternal light manifesteth to be truly so. And now is a time of mourning, of deep mourning, while the separation is working, while the enemy's strength is not broken and subdued, and the heart is now and then feeling itself still hankering after its old lovers.

The Lord opened my spirit, the Lord gave me the certain and sensible feeling of the pure seed, which had been with me from the beginning, the Lord caused his holy power to fall upon me, and gave me such an inward demonstratrion and feeling of the seed of life, that I cried out in my spirit, "This is he, this is he, there is not another, there never was another. He was always near me, though I knew him not. . . Oh! that I might now be joined to him, and he alone might live in me." And so in the willingness which God hath wrought in me. . . I gave up to be instructed, exercised, and led by him, in the waiting for and feeling of his holy seed, that all might be wrought out of me which could not live with the seed. . . .

—Isaac Penington *(Quaker Classics In Brief)*

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Suggested BOOKS

Following are some of the books which have been used in the preparation of this issue:

THE CHURCH, INFALLIBLE? by Hans Kung. Doubleday & Company, New York, 1973.

ON BEING A CHRISTIAN by Hans Kung. Doubleday & Company, New York, 1976.

INNER GRACE by Abraham Menashe. Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1980.

SNOWDREAMS

by Scott Norton

On bleak Hokkaido
the swans lie inert
in deep blizzard snow,
ice-pelted
but fatted
with warmth
underneath.
Necks collapsed to body curves,
beaks tucked under wings,
they dream
of mild Siberian summers.

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